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SEPTEMBER, 1916

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Volume XXIX

SEPTEMBER, 1916

Number 11

The Duff Boom

And the Talk there is of a Successor to
Sir Wilfrid Laurier

By H. F. GADSBY

Illustrated by LOU SKUCE



Mr. Arthur Duff, from a photograph taken some years ago.

WHEN some people move away they leave the family cat behind. This is a cruel practice and particularly hard on the cat which takes to following and perhaps adds its life by eating people. Similarly a politician, party, or so far as support is concerned, will disappear at a general election and leave its leader stranded. This has happened at one time or another in nearly every province in Canada with few results to the leaders who took up with strange food and perished miserably of malnutrition. There is nothing in nature quite as horrible as a leader without a party behind him. Needless to state it is a condition which both leaders and parties strive to avoid.

So much for the macabre cat. Now for another analogy. In certain savage tribes it is the custom when drifting toward to kill the old chief and all his relatives and set up a new chief, young and bony, who will start things afresh. This custom, barbarous though it seems, is based on real kindness and rooted in the spirit wisdom. How much better it is to dispatch the old chief gloriously to the Spirit Land with funeral pyres and incense and widow and orphan, jubilation than to let him languish on a bed of neglect while the younger generation are wrung out by me by brokers considered how much better for the chief who does not survive his supreme moment and have much better for the people who dispose of all the old policies and traditions by the simple expedient of putting them under ground. One dies that all may live—the greatest good for the greatest number, at the least expense.

Similarly, political parties are sometimes torn apart by slaughtering their past; though, such is life, it is not often done in Canada. We are a tender-hearted people and somehow or other the English habit of leaving a leader because he was a great man twenty years ago. Almost any political leader in Canada can be sure of the life-time affection of his followers. They will never get rid of him will be himself expresses his desire for the



Here, sitting in the red, green, edged with green, the white gown with the striking red bow (from Mr. Arthur Duff, M.A.).

now and dressing gown—and sometimes not then. Sir John Macdonald died in harness. When the great old man should have been resting, his party said to him, "O King, live forever," and he died trying to do it. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was willing to be dismissed in peace five years ago, but the Liberal party said to him, "Till death do us part and afterwards if possible." We

wreck ourselves to death—such is our love for them.

This admirable affection of ours for the old and tried leaders extends to those who have grown grey with them. Our old and tried leaders have had a hint of knowing the friends of their youth around them with the result that they accumulated a lot of enemies in their long journey. The older the government the more enemies it accumulates. Our history is thirty letters with stories of men whose eyes had softened and softened. Black political parties have arise and soon broken their backs trying to carry them. I have always admired James for taking Aquilino back—a kick out of bearing Troy, but I doubt whether it was good politics.

AND now to come to the point to which these remarks have been a preface. The Liberal leader in the House of Commons is not in the position of the martyr of not mentioned in my opening paragraph—he still has plenty of support behind him and his supporters believe in good chances of success after the next general election. Whether he is in the position of the old chief whose friends think the best thing they can do for him is to depose him. Sir Wilfrid has more good habits left in him yet. It is on the cards that he will lead his party through the next election. But, after that—what? Sir Wilfrid must spend his old age in ease and dignity, to read the books he loves, to cultivate colleagues and philosophy, to walk toward the sunset with his dear wife's hand in his. These plans, however, are his heart's desire. He is entitled to them of ever more. The same approach that when the Liberal party must needs choose a successor to Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Who will it be?

Sir Wilfrid has been fortunate in obtaining the complete approval of the Government to be able to acquire that lasted fifteen years. These recommendations have been removed either by death or the popular vote. If the choice of the party is confined to Sir Wilfrid's followers in the House of Commons there are five men who have claims on the leadership as having borne the heat and burden of the day. All of them are in the prime of life, and all good politicians. Their names are George Dinwiddie, Edmund Mackintosh, Frank Carroll, and Dr. Pugsley, with William Lyon Mackenzie King hovering in the outskirts, not in the House, but near it. But suppose their claims are brushed aside and the party at large decides on a new man and a fresh page? What then?

WHAT are the prospects? In 1906 the Conservative party was up to its neck in the Slough of Despond. It had been dragged steadily down by corruption. But Charles Tupper, that private old Father of Confederation, came over from England and spent four years trying to get it out of its slough. What he failed, what he did not do. Did he lead the party out of the old-timers? Not at all. He realized that the time had come for the dead past to bury its dead and his choice was Robert Borden, a politician then unknown to fame, the hair to no grayer than a champion wrestler of the world, Robert Borden, to wit. The rest of that choice was Robert Borden's unblemished record—that in it, he was so young at the time that he had no record at all, consequently no material to explain and an unblemished success. What the shrewd old Sir Charles foresaw for him was a white and gold career—a pure white sunset and a golden future. It is true that he took Sir Robert some eleven

years to reach in on his golden future, but Sir Charles tried to see his dream come true and his protégé at the head of Canada's destinies during the greatest war the world has ever known.

Well, that was what happened in the Conservative party for choosing the white flower of a Manitoba list in its new leader. Can the Liberal party do the same thing? Many thoughtful Liberals believe it. Greeting that the new leader is an outside man, what are his British connections? How will they leave the Grand Union when they see him? His high tide is not written on his forehead nor stamped on his pocket handkerchief. Much he may be said to be him? Not to put too fine a point on it, he has—quite a few of them. First he must be young enough to be fresh and old enough to be wise—preferably a man in his thirties. Second, he must be a human being, not an angel or a demon, a good mixer with a gift for friendship. Third, he must be a strong speaker with a magnetic personality. Third, he must be a real Liberal, not a crack, a radical, or a visionary. Fourth, he must be very reasonable and unpretentious, so as to catch the elect vote. Fifth, he must be English speaking and a Protestant, but have a brotherly feeling for Quebec. Sixth, he must have a clear and wide vision of the future of the country as a whole. That is to say, possess a good working knowledge of politics but be free of the dark consequences.

ONE must think that with these eight lines to guide them the Liberal party would not find a man. Not so. Many a rising hope got the once-over from the party advisers but, when it came to a show down, was found to be from the wrong point of view. Particularly difficult

it was to spot a leader who had the right qualities. Suddenly a light shone from an unexpected quarter—the most home which does duty as the Supreme Court of Canada, still a better body than can be put up to house the judiciary. Here, sitting in his red robe edged with ermine, for all the world like the early palm that the warm is looking for, the vice-regent with the flowing robe read Mr. Justice Duff's name. "How will they leave the Grand Union when they see him?" "Knew him—here in the man. The boom was launched right then. Mr. Justice Duff's name few knew by name. From that many tries to know many others his name flew during the last few years probably be a great success. Mr. Justice Duff, who way even now be looking forward to a long and peaceful life in that most unpretentious of locations as the Supreme Court. He may or he may not. I think if fate kinder better at his door they will not have to drag him out. All he will ask is that in the next election.

Presidents are a menace. They do not protect Mr. Justice Duff, they are sure they give a liberal shake or a shove or a Thompson, or even a hammer, at any other political body who come down to them. They are sure the people who stood, as it were, to conquer. The words are full of judges who did just that thing. Judges, if they are to be a success, must make the best decisions. From the very nature of their business they know not only the law but also the law we ought to have. Good judges of law are necessarily good judges of men and economic conditions and as such police have a strong claim on them. Good judges can really get away from politics—politics are always calling them to arbitrations and such. When Mr. Justice Duff came across him in the Supreme Court he met Chief Justice Pringle and Mr. Justice Broderick, and Sir Louis Davies, all political graduates. When he took part in the Royal Commission on the Ryrie charges the other day he had at his elbow another political graduate, Sir William Meredith. The names are all around him. What's more, the ones who will be. They point to so many judges who have graduated from the bench into politics as judges who have graduated into politics to lead. Mr. Justice Duff does not lack courage. If his duty calls him best enough he will not take notice as the bench or under it. He will just naturally turn in and do his share of the fighting through sheer joy of battle.

HOW does Mr. Justice Duff answer the specifications? Well, he is fifty-one—just the right age for a political leader who wants to have his future where it belongs, ahead of him. In private life he

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and no judgments are more frequently approved or even by them than Mr. Justice Duff.

JUDGE DUFF is a great reader of French history. He takes a keen interest in the politics of France and understands the peculiar genius of that nation as well as its own. He is a specialist of the French civil law. He has a subtle taste in French literature, and is particularly fond of the histories and philosophers whose hard touch and profound thought form such a permanent foundation. Mr. Justice Duff is by way of being a philosopher himself. He is a Frenchman's hand-man in the philosophy of French literature. He is also a first-class lawyer in Mathematics, who keeps on reading mathematics just for mental exercise in Greek. His Alma Mater still remembers him as a brilliant student. He is a past president of the Yarny Literary Society.

Judge Duff has a Scotch name and north of British ancestry. He is the son of Sir Charles Duff, a Scottish lawyer, and Isabella Johnston, his wife. He was born in Canada, brought up at Montreal, Quebec, attended Canada University and Osgoode Hall, taught High School at Banff, graduated at McGill, but was a student in Victoria. In 1891, to grow up with the country. Like everything in British Columbia, he grew up with the law. He was then a student in Victoria. He was afterwards Premier of British Columbia, another, the Hon. Gordon Hewart, the new Chief Justice of the province. Twenty years from the day the Canadian blue-eyed manly-faced young, Lewis P. Duff, landed in Victoria, B.C., he was leader of the lawyers in the British Columbia and two years after that he was transferred to the Supreme Court of Canada. Going north.

When he was practicing law in British Columbia Judge Duff acted as counsel for the British Columbia Legislature in the Pease Lands Investigation. He was one of the lawyers in the Alaska Boundary Arbitration. Like many lawyers he took an interest in politics and for some years was President of the British Columbia Young Liberals Association.

This condensed biography of Mr. Justice Duff is intended to show that he made out his own career, that he has all the varied elements of political success in his personality, and that he makes the East and West, the English and French, judge of his own success in right. The Duff-Meredith Commission brought him prominently before the public eye, but he was known to the legal profession long before that as one of Canada's great men. But, as Kipling said of Achebe—he doesn't advertise.



The words are full of judges who did just that thing—who come of the bench to lead the people, who stooped to conquer at its worst.

him, though, at first, with the added burden of the clowns, she scarcely found a moment to spare. But the third morning, when she started out in the chilly dawn for work, she stumbled over a pile of bedding heaped against the door, and when, wondering, she went to the barn, she found something fishy and worried.

Lemuel had done it, of course. She was wild to tell Sister that he had come back, but, after careful consideration, decided to wait. Knowing that the boy was near would help the sick man, but the sight of his face would be much better.

Again, the next morning, everything had been done, although it seemed to the baffled woman that she had interfered for the worse this time. The doctor had been called the night before, lying on the table was a silver dollar, a tiny star but a note:

"Dear friends. I am sorry he is sick. I will do the chores till he is well, and then I am going West. This money is for the party. The head is for your birthday. I know you don't like them, but I thought, as how you might like them now. Yours truly, Lemuel Jones."

She read hysterically over the cunningly modeled little head, kissing the plump cheeks, the dimpled chin, even the upper lip; all of which had been faithfully copied from the enlarged portrait of Danny in the paper.

BY SPREAD doing at the next morning she slipped out to watch for Lemuel. She was none too sure, for, usually had she hidden in the spring house, when she now ran coming along the path, her slender body pulled flat to one side by the weight of the heavy pack of milk.

"Now, Lemuel," she said in a most manner-of-fact way, taking the pack from the startled boy, "you take him this dipper of spring water — you know how he hates it — out of the well — and then, if you'll kindly do it, we'll have butter churn and milk strung for breakfast."

As they entered the room where Sister, awakened by their approach, was sitting up in bed, his haggard face radiant in wide and gentle "We—blessknapp you a drink from the spring, Sister."

"Why, Lemuel Jones?" Mrs. Hobbs remarked with a mock severity, when Sister had returned the boy and had flicked nervously back on the pillow again: "Why, Lem-

uel Jones, your shirt is dripping wet, you'll catch your death of cold!"

"There ain't much roof left on the old sugar house, and the dew—"

"You been sleeping there?" Mr. Hobbs interrupted.

The boy nodded. "And picking berries over to Sister's days," he explained.

"Well, you go right upstairs, Lemuel, and put on your pink pigskin shirt!" she ordered peremptorily. "We're laying there in your room—across the Morris chow!" The man on the bed covered his face with his great hands. "And then, son, you might get me another dipper of water," he said huskily. "Between the two of us, we've split most all this one."

IT was some years later. About a single staid woman in a central dress a little group in clustered. The place is the famous Academy of Art of Paris, and the group represents names that stand for highest attainment in artistic studies; those things to which Art is at once creed and country, men whose hands are destined to be handed down to posterity.

Fourteenth, upturned with admiration, they gaze at the lines of glowing marble, the brilliant and white against the dead black of the curtain's velvet background. Eyes shining, they drink its beauty in gazing, drawing long sighs of ecstasy with eyelids slowly closing, then opening to fix again its rapt situation. The

stare. "Venus Aphrodite," has achieved that goal of all sculptors—has won the Grand Prix, the highest judgment of the Paris Salon.

To expect upon the figure is an expense. Glines is based in every fashion line and swelling curve. But even the lay-

man, striding calmly by, passes hasty, to grasp and gaze and marvel, non-understanding, yet in some way appreciating the wonder of the thing, the face, the Helianthe forehead of the daughter of Jupiter, the gleaming, golden hair, the double arch of the eyebrows, the pearls, blue-veined temples, the delicate ears, the smooth, perfect entirety for the skin of the sea and the entrance of the thing today. To it is a delicate creation. It is "Aphrodite," born of the sea-faces and the spirit of the waters: "Aphrodite" incarnated, adorned and glowing, shivering with the pulse of life.

AMONG the little group stands the young sculptor whose hand has traced the masterpiece to being. With smiling eyes and lips he leaves the praise bestowed, feels the common glow of a good work well-scratched; thrills inwardly at the certain knowledge that such honor comes only to him who takes his God-given gift and strives unceasingly with all his heart and soul. About and all around stand marble figures, men's and women's, in groups.

Continued on page 76.



"Lemuel, what did you take them groceries for?"

FUNK

By Robert W. Service

EDITOR'S NOTE:—No poet has caught the spirit of the frontier more clearly than Robert W. Service. His new ballads, all of which have appeared in *Maclean's Magazine*, have been strong, vivid, full of the human and dramatic and dramatic of the author's life, and breathing the atmosphere of the frontier. He tells of the pain and peril, the hazards and horrors of the halving men's life on the frontier as a wordsmith, with all the vigor and swing that made his *Yukon* books so universally popular. Here is the latest poem about the Service has sent from the front.

When yer manner bone seems 'olter,
And you're glad you ain't no taller,
And you're all a-shaking like you, ad the chills
When yer skin creeps like a polter,
And you're ducin' all the bolts,
And you're green as Groggins round the gills,
When yer legs seem made of jelly,
And you're scummin' 'bout the belly,
And you wants to run about and do a bunk
For God's sake, lad, don't show it.
Don't let yer mates know it
You're a-sufferin' from Funk, Funk, Funk.

Of course there's no denyin'
It ain't no easy tryin'
To grin and grin your rifle by the butt,
When the 'ole world rips under,
And ye see yer pal go under
As a bunch of shorned spooks 'im on the run
I admit it's 'ind-convin'
When you 'eart the chills arrive,
To discover you're a bloomin' bit of spunk
But, my boy, you've got to do it,
And your God will see you through it,
For what 'E sees is Funk, Funk, Funk.

So stand up, son, look gritty,
And grin 'im a lively day,
And only be afraid to be afraid;
Just 'old yer rifle steady,
And 'ave yer bay' net ready
For that's the way good soldier men a made,
And if you 'as to die,
As sometimes 'appens, why—
Far better die a hero than a skunk,
A-damn of yer life,
And so—'ole 'E! with it,
There aint no bloomin' funk, funk, funk.

The Son of His Mother

By ALLAN SULLIVAN

Illustrated by J. W. BEATTY

STREERING north by west up Baffin's Street and passing Annapack Harbor on the east with Salisbury Island well into the north, you will make Cape Desmet. That is if you are weather wise and succeed in looking through the pack ice. Further on comes the big head that towers north into Fox Channel and so to Greenland waters.

From the naked ribs of Baffin Land, Cape Desmet thrusts a jagged tooth into the cool green seas. First my relatives and friends spoke, strange accents, a profusion of professions, belated, grinding, from the Arctic. Month after month of change, by, broken occasionally by good like gaps where the jagged lipper runs lamely on the breaking blue and the dark-grey jar and falls prey to white bears on ice and drift on the tumbled waves.

At this Pitulak, a lean Eskimo, had a good colony for years. In winter his little huddled lot in a circle of the shore. In summer time his toposh crowd of a little more from which the water ran both ways when it rained. With him lived his wife, his mother, in the white man's tongue called "Quick to Leave" and Metak. "The Duck," his mother's sister. These were short, broad, square-faced men, with black eyes that shifted as though aided in their sockets and ancient, rusty nose whose strength had long since vanished with much lagging at snows and coasts of wrecks.

In the warm weather Pitulak fished for salmon and shot white fawns as they feasted on dead whales driven ashore by the run of Arctic currents. Sometimes he found a she-bear that lagged forth, lone and common, with the red she had scurried while she fished for months in a snow-covered canyon. There was as difficulty about manna. The caribou were fat and the women better tempered. But when winter came, with Uluar, the black wind, both land and sea lightened up like the snapping of the lock in a Hudson Bay merchant. The ragged outline of beach and ridge were smoothed down and plastered smooth. As soon as he could but sweetly picked snow, Pitulak built his igloo and then began the long eight months' struggle against the Gods of the east of snow.

The faces lost the money blue tinge of earlier months and became blotted like ice and hard to see. The salmon baked into deep water. The caribou retreated inland and the square lipper came up to breathe in places not easily accessible. And when one walked abroad, it happened that one often saw only the most formal of a solitary hunker that reached his arrow-shaped head as he stalked out to the edge of the ice to fish.

In such seasons both Anisone and Metak seemed hard to live with. Whatever goodness Pitulak's mother might at some time have felt for him had long since disappeared, perhaps under stress of word and weather. She welcomed her years by

the number of times she had seen the post-ice search down from Baffin's gulf, for when the ice began to move it meant that spring was coming, and this was a thing to remember. Seventy times she made it. Ninety, her sons, whose hands had been killed, scolded, by a ball of water, was nearly as old. Staring at them as he sat on the snow ledge of his igloo while he mended a spear, Pitulak wondered why women, when they became aged, became also cruel. He did not mind their ageism. That was something that tried somehow into everything else. But to be scolded through most of the short days of the summer and through half of the much longer nights of winter, began to wear into his just as a body's arms and feet would wear the skin off one's finger.

It fell on a day when Pitulak returned from a fruitless hunt over leagues of long fingers, where the wind drove the drift much harder into his face, that his eyes became very hot and sore. At this was a little anxious and regarded the igloo with nothing but two patches of frostbite on his cheeks to show for his journey. Anisone snarled impatiently when she heard him coming along the low tunnel. Presently she turned to Metak, who was sitting on the ledge chewing steadily at the last strip of seal meat.

"Again he has nothing," Metak waited till the hooded head pushed through. When she saw that her sister was right she showed at the story a little frown.

"So many times he comes and with nothing."

PITULAK cursed the tunnel and, throwing back his head, put his hand into a snow bowl. This sat over a single spear head of his mantling from the seal's lamp. Dipping up water he bathed his eyes and set down.

"I was but one caribou—a coat caribou it was too far. My eyes are sore. It is the blindness that comes."

Anisone laughed harshly. "What difference will that make to the hunting of my eye?"

Pitulak closed his hunting life, then

The second part of Stephen Leacock's article "Is Permanent Peace Possible?" which began in our August issue, will appear in the October MacLean's.

opened them because they stung the more. "It will make a difference to my mother—perhaps. It is now many years since you began to complain and call me a fool. Why then should you care if I stop hunting?"

Metak was waving the end of her strip. Her jaws moved man rapidly. She gripped like a fish hawk—closed—stretched her throat and slowly purred softly. "I did not know," she said with a glance at the spear that was balanced against the curving wall. "I did not know that you had begun to hunt."

PITULAK did not answer. He had just discovered that he could neither open his eyes wide nor that there had without hurting himself. He remembered thankfully that he had buried the dog's harness and stamped it tight in the snow. So that was alright. The dog could get along very well for a few days till his eyes were better.

As for the women, he only shuddered and looked at the two diaphanous forms working themselves into their caribou skin legs. He would blow out the lamp presently and place the first and pink cedar in a white skin would crawl into his own bed. There he would be listening to the drone of two cracked voices, while the wind pressed down hard on the roof of the igloo, and so that was alright. The smoke creaked all night long as the falling tide swept its glittering edge against the rock-lined shore. He did not rest much. Thus he could not tell at what time he heard Metak speak sharply.

"He sleeps better than he hunts."

PITULAK tried to open his eyes but the lids were clamped down with a steady snarl that flung to his fingers when he touched it, and the pain was worse than ever. He felt the two old women looking at him and set up.

"Blindness has come in my sleep."

Anisone struck fire in the lamp and bent over him. All she could see of Pitulak's eyes were two narrow seams full of something that looked like a frozen bubble only it was soft. She beckoned to Metak.

"It is true. He is blind."

Her own swept desperately in his swirling side leg. Anisone glanced at him strangely then climbed back on the ledge where the two old women whispered, their glowering faces close together. Presently Metak also looked sharply at Pitulak. After a little she nodded.

"Water," greeted the hunter. "I cannot see, bring it to me."

His mother did so. Pitulak had begun to feel his way across to the stone bowl. She reached ahead of him and handed it quickly to Metak. "There is no water."

"In the night I was thirsty and drank,"



"About noon, when the sun had mounted to the topmost point of its first arc, they all set out for the edge of the ice."

Behind The Batted Door?

The Greatest Mystery
Story of the
Year

By ARTHUR E.
McFARLANE

Illustrated by HENRY RALEIGH



"Am I then to happen, or happen? He struck me as he passed. I'm put to one knee and I feel me to ground with."

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

THE sharp metal was now cutting him to the finger joints. His body seemed to have a weight of lead. His wrist was trembling off. Yet, ever so, for another moment he held, while now more he wrenched himself awkwardly upward. And at that last moment his left foot found the floor again. Then his right heel caught. He pulled himself gradually, dully, to the level, relished himself reward, and was safe. And at that night's story one more chapter, the last at the Casa Grande, had come to an end.

CHAPTER XV. A PAGE IN A LANGUAGE

H E found Williams in the Foyer eyes had. And, with surprise, he told him all that it was necessary to tell.

"But, god, Doctor," gasped Williams in his turn, "god, you—you—revealed it to me, know—talking like that before them leads themselves!"

"Perhaps I did?"

"I have to, too, the while at my risk."

"All right, but at least you say that that doctor who to know you have?"

"Maybe because I—wanted to learn something myself?"

"Well, I guess you've learned it now?"

"Yes!—and Lanchester swallowed anew—I think I have!"

"And yet you're going to let things stand as they? But all right, all right. And what comes now?"

"Why, for my part—I guess I'll have to make it home and back."

"I shall say so!" "Then Williams looked towards the Foyer door. "Do you want to go good-night to McDougall?"

"No. Because that, and the confidence of my hands would call for explanations. We'd go along right now. I'll phone him from the house."

part of it from me."

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"All right, but at least you say that that doctor who to know you have?"

"Maybe because I—wanted to learn something myself?"



From the study a door gave access to the rear landing and she slipped out to it.

"No, I don't say that. I meant no encounter with her death. There couldn't have been! Why, it—was perfectly feasible!"

Lanchester leaned forward to the chauffeur's speaking tube.

"Collett," he said, "will you keep that guy downstairs as tight?"

And the rest can be told very rapidly.

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had had time to take his elevator, Lancelotti went on to the door. He spoke to the night clerk. "I want to leave Mr. Gladbach a note." "He's just in." "You can telephone?" "No, a note will do." And putting up a card and envelope, he was stepping aside to write it when the clerk spoke again. "Oh, I say, maybe this is meant for you. I remember him saying some one else came in." And he held a letter across the glass.

It was addressed to a Courtney Jones, to be called for. But the name was of no account. It mattered neither then nor later. It was the writing which, from the first instant, held the Doctor's eyes. It was words which offered any proof, he said that when waiting expecting to hear himself taken to third step. For the writing on that envelope was, like few later, the writing of the "murder case."

CHAPTER XVI

CLAMORS, THE LITTLE BROWN STITCH, AND AN INTERLUDE.

MARGARET D. Hope and Orley Willings were on their way back to 399. A big face still glared in the library, and a mirror on the little study at the end of the passage behind it. Without really knowing what they did, for their thoughts were on nothing around them, they went on into the brown little room and threw their out-of-date things upon the lounge. D. Hope let herself tremulously down in the Doctor's leather armchair.

"Wait, don't want to be," said Willings. "Don't let me another word." "Oh, I might have told you then, at the beginning. It is that Balaing thing again—the thing I was heading back—back there at the very first."

"I thought it was."

"And I'm only holding it back because it was a promise to Mrs. Fisher."

But, for the moment, she broke off at that, and began to talk again about Gladbach.

"You do feel that he couldn't have done it, don't you? It was a joke."

"Yes, you, indeed, I do."

"Of course he couldn't have done it, but he came out there at the Case Lodge. But how can you say that proves anything?"

"No one would say it."

"What a dig after her death, too! And even—now suggest him capable of killing a person—I mean in the sense that the Doctor says we all are, under passion or anger or even—would you possibly think of him as standing from a money envelope, and trying to make a rival's note, and—"

and intruding with some law fury of an Italian lady's."

"Of course you couldn't. I don't know any more about him, personally, than you do. Before tonight I've seen him only once in his life, and that was at the end. But we—no, all know about him as a dramatist. He's about the wealthiest and finest and cleanest in the whole town."

"Yes, and I have, too, often. Oh, I

don't mean Mrs. Fisher—" For she had seen the look of punishment in the angle of his face, had again begun to come into Willings' face. "You're not going to think that? Not when you know her almost as well as I do?"

He caught his hand. "Hardly, hardly. I'm not altogether a saint. And if you say another word—"

"But I will, I will," she continued cheerfully. "If it's only for her sake—and the poor dear woman hardly told in her own! There are some people you don't see good. Most of us you can't tell about. Maybe we're good and maybe we're not. I know Mrs. Fisher was innocent. I know she'd do perfectly easy things—never caring how they'd look to other people. But that she was over anything—oh—"

"I know."

"And if there was any way I could make you understand without telling you she was half hysterical. It was a promise, the last word, too, that she said to me once. That's why I feel that, unless it is simply to keep some one reasonable from being convicted—"

"I know. And please—" He caught her other hand.

"And yet you know, it was just a new idea of mine, when she said it, just a sort of joke. That's why I know it couldn't possibly matter!"

"It can't."

"If you can't have seen her eyes, and heard her voice, as she asked me—I And yet I know what the Doctor will think! I know what he must be thinking already—that for some reason I'm simply trying to cover Mr. Gladbach."

"Oh, Hope?"

"But you'll never think that will prove! Never do you—the secret, most little secret!"

"Oh, tell me now, just what you think it is."

He did not misunderstand her. And, up to then, in all the months they had known each other, there had been no word of love between them. He knew that she wanted him to tell her how thoroughly he believed in her, and that he would keep on believing more if the Doctor did not. It was the language of friendship she wanted, or believed she wanted. But with her first word, he knew, she knew, he knew, how much her friendship was speaking from him—like something long put up.

"You know what I think of me—"

He dropped her hand. "Oh, the thing I've thought from about the day I met you. And I'll think it—I'll feel it all I live."

It was as sudden as that. And, from the first moment, all memory of Gladbach, of Mrs. Fisher, of the Doctor, went out of both of them.

"Why—why, Mr. Willings—?" He thought at first that she was trying to tell him to stop, and that she was only saying one of his late lines. "Oh, what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing that—that—" and she caught the hand which she had just released. "That I have any right to say."

And then, for a time, it was Miss D. Hope who could not speak.

"But—just you have a right," she whispered at last—"any man has to say—any anything."

"I haven't, I haven't. But I'm going to say it." Her hand tightened swiftly over his arm. "And then afterwards if you want to consider it unwise—" He had to begin again.

"Oh, say it," she murmured, "say it."

"Then I will, and it's this, that even from the first time I saw you—before I'd even spoken to you—I thought you were the finest girl I'd ever seen. And kept away from you—for reasons."

"I oughtn't to be—by saying things now. But I—I cared for you all the time—and always more—and more—Oh, I love you, then, all and I always will—and it will only give me a little time—I feel every minute how easy and absurd it is of me to be speaking now. You know what my income is—or was—at The House—about six hundred a year—and needless. And now I don't know that I can go on looking that. In a sense I haven't any future at all—"

"You have. You have. Every one knows you have."

"But just what I'll make me soon enough, some way, if only—if only you will."

"I love you," she said, and now she had both his hands in hers. "I always have—and I always will."

"Oh, you can't—your cousin's!"

"It can't!" She laughed at him. "Little you know!"

"And I'm no right whatever to say it now. Look here, when I came made it. Anyway, you've made mine."

"Oh, D. Hope—Dearest! Love!" And his arms were around her.

"Maybe," she said, "you have made it. Anyway, you've made mine."

"Oh, D. Hope—Dearest! Love!" And his arms were around her.

BUT even then she caught his fingers again, and unspooled and unrolled them, you're held it now. And you can never get away from it."

"But I must. And later—when I have made my future—really—won't you let me just come to you and say it then? It isn't just the question of money, you know."

"I told you long ago that you have more than I have," and she laughed again.

"But there's—there's the very position I'm in—now—I mean if McGilgore had had his way I suppose at the present moment I'd be in the Tower."

"Yes, and I. I'd be with you! Even there."

She stopped. Some one was opening the door and she knew.

"It was the Doctor."

"Oh, I can't see him again, now," she said, "it's—"

"The little study a door open seems to me the best thing, and it's building Willings' hand in hers, she slipped out to it."

"Tell him about it for me—I mean about the promise—and that it was just that I don't want to say it. I'll talk to him, myself, in the morning."

Continued on page 68.

A recent photograph of Dr. Ella Scarlett-Syngé, one of the most remarkable Canadian women.



She is generous, unselfish, and a fine-spirited woman with a character remarkably free from all the usual, positive qualities.

One of the Great Women of the West

A Sketch of Dr. the Hon. Ella Scarlett-Syngé

By MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY

(Gerry Connell)

OF late, the subject of the Women's Volunteer Reserve Corps has become a household name. It is a name that is becoming known to all who are interested in the progress of the world. It is a name that is becoming known to all who are interested in the progress of the world. It is a name that is becoming known to all who are interested in the progress of the world.

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Photographs by courtesy
of the Canadian Northern
Railway Co.

21 feet long by 7 feet wide. There is kitchen furniture on both sides, so that the actual working space of the cooks is 21 feet long by 2 feet 8 inches wide. The working

The preparation of menus is as important matter. Weather is considered and the wisest possible choice of food offered. Ample provision is made for all classes of appetites and all members of the group. On a standard dining car, which seats about thirty or thirty-five people, some

sense of a stormoon ahead precludes that possibility, unless a snowstorm holds up the train. In such an emergency the steward is given absolute carte blanche to make the passengers as comfortable as possible under the unforeseen circumstances. He can dodge here and there until he fills up his cupboard. On occasion last winter a snow blockade held up the train for some days. The steward and his helpers had to get across the Fraser River in boats, an overhead wire to get food enough for the unexpected emergency.

How Infantile Paralysis Spreads

THE Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research has been appealed to by so many physicians and laymen for advice on the subject of stress that it has combed down facts of present knowledge on highly pertinent disease, together with clinical uncertainties derived

Infectioparasitism is an infectious and zoonotic disease which is caused by the invasion of the central nervous organs — the spinal cord and brain — of a animal. Parasitic micro-organisms which has been found in arachnid ticks and as such it is found mostly within the higher part of the spinal cord.

The virus of infectious psalosis, as the micro-organism causing it is termed, enters constantly in the central nervous organs and upon the mucous membranes of the nose and throat and of the intestines in persons suffering from the disease; it occurs less frequently in the other internal organs, and it has not been demonstrated in the general circulating blood of patients.

THIS virus enters the body, as a rule it does not exclusively, by way of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat. Having gained entrance to these easily accessible parts of the body, multiplication of the virus occurs there, after which it penetrates to the brain and spinal cord by way of the blood stream. It is also possible that the upper nasal membrane with the interior of the skull. Whether the virus ever enters the body in any other way is unknown. Current experiments already alluded to make it probable that it may be introduced into the blood by insects and other animals. The virus is also of a particular and extraordinary resistance; it may in monkeys enter through the intention-

But while the latter two modes of infection may operate sometimes, observations upon human cases of infantile paralysis and upon animals all indicate that the main avenue of entrance of the virus into the body is by way of the upper respiratory mucous membrane; that is, the membrane of the nose and throat.

NOT all children and reluctantly few adults are susceptible to infantile paralysis. Young children are more susceptible, generally speaking, than older ones; but no age can be said to be absolutely susceptible. When several children share a family or in a group, one or more may be affected, while the others escape or seem to escape. The closer the family or other groups are studied by physicians, the more numerous it now appears are the number of cases among them. This means that the term *infantile paralysis* is, in a manner, some kind of an *auto-immune* disease, in that the disease can arise without contact with a paralytic whatever, or such slight and fleeting contacts as to be difficult to detect.

Like all other infectious diseases, scarlet fever-parvula does not arise at once after exposure, but only after an intervening lapse of time called the period of incubation. This period is subject to wide limits of fluctuation, in certain instances it has been as short as two days, in others it has been two weeks or possibly even longer. But the usual period does not exceed about eight days.

PROBABLY the period at which the *diagnosis* of communicable is greatest is during the very early stages and acute stages of the disease. This statement must be made tentatively since it depends on information based on general knowledge of infection, rather than on demonstration. Judging from experiments on animals, the virus tends not to persist in the body longer than three or five weeks except in those exceptional instances in which chronic carriage is developed. Hence cases of infectious paratyphoid have been kept under observation for a period of 6 months from the onset of the symptoms may be regarded as potentially free of disease.

Infantile paralysis is one of the infectious diseases in which susceptibility is conferred by one attack. The evidence derived from experiments on monkeys is conclusive in showing that an infection which ends in recovery gives protection from a subsequent inoculation. Observations upon human beings have brought out the same fact, which appears to be generally true, and to include all the forms of infantile paralysis, namely, the paralytic, meningitic, or abortive, which all render immunity.

THE host of several germs and monkeys is not equal to destroying or neutralizing the effect of the virus of *influenza parvula*. The blood of persons or monkeys who have recovered from the disease is capable of neutralizing the virus. The immunological or immunity to subsequent infection, whether occurring in human beings after exposure or monkeys after inoculation, rests on the presence of the virus in the blood, the so-called immunity bodies, which arise in the internal organs and are poured in the blood. So long as these immunity bodies persist in the body germs are neutralized. The immunity has been detected twenty years of ages elapsed after recovery from *influenza parvula*. Experiments have shown that the immunity bodies appear in the blood of monkeys after the first attack of the disease, which fact can

Continued on page 38

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In both continents, besides being inhabited by unpopulated native hordes in all white men.

Meanwhile, the Belgians and the British had required simultaneous evacuations from the north, west and south. On the southern front, between Lake Tanganyika and Lake Nyasa, a force of Rhodesians and Transvaalers under Brigadier-General Northey entered the German colony and captured three Luapula, with large quantities of munitions and stores. Afterwards the important town of Maseru, at the foot of Lake Tanganyika, was occupied.

The Belgians entered the province of Foville in two columns, under the command of General Tardieu. Some miles east of Lake Foville and supported by their gendarmes. After several skirmishes, the German front retreated to the direction of Lake Victoria Nyasa before the converging columns. The Belgians have since occupied Kapai, the principal town in the province.

The main advance, however, has come from the north—from British East Africa, where a composite force of some 15,000 British, Goanese and Indian troops was brought together under the command of General Sir Christiaan Smuts. Fifteen years ago, General Smuts landed a fine commando in a raid through Cape Colony, and last year led the southern column through German West Africa. He won a wonderful record. Educated in Cape Colony, he passed through Cambridge University in England and qualified as a barrister in London. At twenty-eight years of age he was attorney-general of the Transvaal Republic under President Kruger and took a prominent part during those ill-fated years. Since Lord's Ruler became President of the Transvaal, and afterwards of South Africa, Smuts has been the minister in whom was assigned, as a matter of course, the most difficult and onerous portfolio, and on one occasion he commando three contingents.

Smuts without doubt would be greatly handsomely paid the latter has not the staid confidence of his own people, although both they and the British almost recognize that he is the ablest statesman in the country. He is a clever man, born in South Africa, the first son of General Smuts was in such a reconnaissance in force towards the southern tip of the continent, in fact the strength of the German position. Finding them in force there, he dispatched mounted and other troops with Major-General Smuts, Major-General Smuts, through Longley, to encircle the southern end of the mountain and attack Mafeking from the west while he drove at it in a frontal attack. The Germans made a good fight in the dense woods, where artillery and bombs were useless, but they were unopposed for an extent in their rear, and left 100 dead and many prisoners. Some of their forces entered along the Tugela railway, while the main body advanced south to attack another General Smuts's division toward Mafeking, the capital of the colony.

Military operations in this part are conducted under difficulties—where the sides are steep, crevices and the enemy, wild elephants and rhinoceros charge the latter transports, whether object to the telephone wires, behind a forest against the steeply, and line recognizes the enemy's position. As one General put it "This is a bloody war—without the maps."

Railway men from South Africa rapidly laid down rails between the Upanga railway at Mafeking and the German colonies at Mafeking. A force was detached to follow the latter line to the sea of Tugela and again up

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Letters

Letters

Letters

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK

Settlement of National Questions Necessary to Growth of Normal Business

By JOHN APPLETON

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In Canada there is a widespread feeling of apprehension about the future of the country. The feeling is not without cause. The country is in a position to be a great power, but it is not yet a great power. It is not yet a great power. It is not yet a great power. It is not yet a great power.*

It can be taken for granted that Canadian factories for the present are doing all they can to meet the demands being made upon them. They are not, however, in a position to handle them all and it begins to appear that they will not be able, at least for some time, to do so. In a recent article *The Financial Post* pointed out that the demands made upon our factories were of a speculative character. Manufacturers only made the products that the quantities of some articles ordered indicated more than normal consumption would call for, the inference, of course, being that merchants anticipated that prices would advance and were anxious to stock up at present price levels. To avoid giving up and make the price swing go as far as possible, the manufacturers ordered that they should cut their orders in two and in some cases still more drastically. Public opinion will no doubt, view favourably the course pursued by the manufacturers in question.

It may be asked, however, why the orders are so large. That they are, at the present time, is no mystery. The fact is that the demand for them is so large that they are in short supply. The fact is that the demand for them is so large that they are in short supply. The fact is that the demand for them is so large that they are in short supply.

The writer has discussed with many

business men the advisability of buying at present for stock and the sustenance of prices is that to do so in Canada. Most business men are of the opinion that the only safe course to pursue under present circumstances is to buy only those commodities for which there is a quick market and to take vigorous steps to move anything that tends to stay on the shelf. Behind this advice is the conviction that conditions following the war will be very different from those now existing and so men can figure out what level prices will likely be taken and so men can figure out what level prices will likely be taken and so men can figure out what level prices will likely be taken.

A present hold the opinion that the present threat of the Allies will bring the war to its end before the close of the present year. This is an opinion not uncommon in the United States.

In a recent issue the well-informed financial editor of the *New York Times* wrote:

"So conservative business men are generally saying as just now in a speculative stage of confidence of speculation. They are saying as just now in a speculative stage of confidence of speculation. They are saying as just now in a speculative stage of confidence of speculation. They are saying as just now in a speculative stage of confidence of speculation."

the generous buying by the public shows no sign of abating." The foregoing is very true of Canada, but there is still a tendency to rush too much upon the most casual of present extraordinary demands and on the part of the general public a tendency to dissipate the large savings and profits on savings that will not represent liquid assets when the new afternoons are set in.

All the indications of prosperity in the United States are to be found also in Canada. There is, however, one fundamental difference which must be kept in mind and it is that our comparative inexperience as a new country has no counterpart in the United States. There is a little doubt as to whether we are in a position to handle the situation as well as the United States.

Our position is that we are in a position to handle the situation as well as the United States. There is a little doubt as to whether we are in a position to handle the situation as well as the United States. There is a little doubt as to whether we are in a position to handle the situation as well as the United States. There is a little doubt as to whether we are in a position to handle the situation as well as the United States.

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the new battle with bulging tonnage was handled and fifty tons of French trenches and its powerful strength against the British. It was a decisive battle. It was a decisive battle. It was a decisive battle. It was a decisive battle. It was a decisive battle. It was a decisive battle.

Germany thought the captured British would be a great victory. It was a great victory. It was a great victory. It was a great victory. It was a great victory. It was a great victory. It was a great victory. It was a great victory. It was a great victory. It was a great victory. It was a great victory.

Finally the greatest wonder Germany has made in the world today is the fact that it has been the winner with this. It has been the winner with this. It has been the winner with this. It has been the winner with this. It has been the winner with this. It has been the winner with this.

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ing Mohammed, a thing not thought possible in the scheme of German strategy. As a fighting machine the German army had not lived up to its reputation. What would have happened if the Allies had been around for more? It is a remarkable story. It is a remarkable story. It is a remarkable story. It is a remarkable story. It is a remarkable story. It is a remarkable story.

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Excerpted from June 17th, 1918.

She is a few months of age. It is a remarkable story. It is a remarkable story. It is a remarkable story. It is a remarkable story. It is a remarkable story. It is a remarkable story. It is a remarkable story. It is a remarkable story. It is a remarkable story. It is a remarkable story.



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Fastful Waiting

It is a remarkable story. It is a remarkable story. It is a remarkable story. It is a remarkable story. It is a remarkable story. It is a remarkable story. It is a remarkable story. It is a remarkable story. It is a remarkable story. It is a remarkable story. It is a remarkable story.

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Stephen Leacock on the Error of Over Specialization

The Mount-Philosopher Admits That He Likes to Deal in the Moonlight of Half-Truths, But the Possibility of Truth is Often More Than Half

THE extreme tendency to specialization on the part of the modern professor is a thing that annoys Professor Leacock a good deal. The Boston Transcript in a recent review of some of his latest works quotes one of his observations about the important side of the scholar of today as follows:

"It occurred to me some years ago when the Oxford group men were first discussed that a professor of scientific statistics ought to be able, by transferring his talents to that region, to attain an enormous fortune. I mentioned one of the most gifted of my colleagues. 'Could you not,' I asked, 'be a specialist in scientific statistics along with it?' 'Oh, no,' he said, shuddering at the very idea, 'you see I'm only a mathematician; at Oxford the meter is all the while and I know nothing of statistics whatever.' 'What, then,' I said, 'know about rocks?' 'For that,' he answered, 'you need a geologist like Adam Sedgwick; but then, you see, he knows the rocks, but doesn't know the meter.' 'But would you not both go?' I said, 'and Adam Sedgwick told the rock while you estimated the meter?' 'Oh, no,' the professor answered, 'you see we are content of so doing statistics, and even then we ought to have a good hydrostatic man and an electric man.' I suppose," I said, "that I look about students of you on the same you might find something. No! Well, would it not be possible to get somebody who would know something of all these things?" "Yes," he said, "but at the Goodyear Statistical Society, but personally all that I do is to reduce the meter when I get it." "What I can do myself," I answered, "scientifically, and let him."

Here is another of Professor Leacock's observations, and the reader should remember that the man who writes is himself a doctor of philosophy and the head of a department in a university. Let him speak. "I have been known in various capacities to see something of the working of this system of the higher learning. Some years ago I received a letter from a group of men who were interested in the type of doctor, and of these in general of that degree of Doctor of Philosophy, some of them—specially distinguished by their use of concrete variety—already in possession of it. The first reader I had with them, I observed to the man explain me some historical question about a recent book and I thought of several instances. I don't know anything about that," he answered, "It is sociology." There was nothing to do but to let him ponder and to explain for not being asked it."

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